

commonweal

Fall Book Issue



IGNAZIO SILONE: PROPHET OF LIBERATION

MYRON B. BLOY, JR.

MARK TAYLOR

AUDEN'S VISION OF EROS

4-92540 1-73
ST CHARLES SEMINARY
LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELENA OH 45822

STARTING ONCE AGAIN

PETER STEINFELS

LITURGICAL DECADENCE

LEO J. HINES

TRUFFAUT'S TRUFFLE

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

WILLIE & BARBARA ETC.

NORA L. MAGID

FOOTNOTES

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

REVIEWS:

STEVEN KROLL in
McGUANE'S HOT SHADE
ROBERT PHILLIPS on
GREGORY'S 'SPIRIT'

NEWS & VIEWS

The Rose Hill Rip-Off

The faded luminaries of the Select Senate Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, Senators Sam Ervin and Howard Baker, Jr., helicoptered into Fordham the other evening, for 17 minutes of speaking and 75 minutes of question-answering, and walked off with \$5,000. Some regarded it as a rip-off in the style of that well-known Fordham alumnus, G. Gordon Liddy.

Each was scheduled to speak for 30 minutes. Baker managed seven minutes; Ervin 15. The question period was to agreed time limit.

The first question laid it on the line. "How come," a student asked, "to find out what people are thinking here, you have to get the outrageous fees of \$2,500 apiece?" (Baker had remarked in his seven-minute ramble that it was the duty of government to "hear and understand the viewpoint of the sovereign, the people of the United States.") Baker replied that "the \$2,500 is a small compensation." Ervin responded that "after paying travel expenses and making contributions to charity, I pay a combined federal and state income tax of 60 cents on every dollar."

Unpersuaded was the Fordham student newspaper, *The Ram*, which remarked the next day that "we fail to see the \$5,000 value of last night's lecture."

The Ram's news account said that around 8:30 p.m., 40 minutes before the program terminated, students began drifting out "at the rate of 12 to 15 a minute." It offered as typical these one-liners from the departing:

"We've seen it on TV already." . . . "It's just a rerun." . . . "Baker looks like Johnny Carson." . . . "I'm getting a little bored."

Incidentally, the Ervin-

Baker show attracted an audience of 3,100. The next day Mike Harrington (*The Other America*; *The Accidental Century*; *Socialism*, etc.) spoke at Fordham on the separate themes of the overthrow of Allende and the relationship between the energy crisis and the failure of government. The talk, which was acclaimed as brilliant and incisive, attracted 30 persons. Harrington spoke for free.

More on Chile

And yet another assessment of blame for the coup in Chile, this one from Father Guido Lebre, a French priest active in Chile for the last 23 years. He points the finger at the Christian Democrats, charging that they were "transfixed" by their opposition to the Allende government of National Unity.

More specifically, he holds responsible Leon Vilarin, the Christian Democrat head of the truckers' union, who, Lebre alleges, directly ruined the economy of the country by calling two national strikes of truckers.

These strikes, said Lebre in an interview with *Informations Catholiques Internationales*, played the Right's game, and were an attempt to justify in advance the putsch of the military.

Lebre, a longtime critic of capitalism, speaks with a particular intimacy of subject matter, when he talks of Vilarin and the truckers' union. Since 1959, he has been the owner, loader and driver of his own truck, and in 1971 was elected the union leader of the truckers of Talca.

(Father Lebre became a trucker in order to support a rehabilitation home he had opened in 1959 for prostitutes, working particularly among maids and domestics. According to Lebre, 38 percent of Chilean prostitutes come from this social group. He claims to have rehabilitated 80 percent of the more

than a thousand prostitutes who entered his center.)

As for the posture of Chilean church leaders towards Allende, Lebre remarked that "the hierarchy, while claiming not to engage in politics, leans toward the Christian Democrats." As a result, he said, there was a continual bothering against priests committed to the Left, with some bishops going so far as to ask foreign priests (who comprise an important portion of Chile's clerical structure) not to return to Chile after visits abroad.

They'll Always Be Dept.

Britons are grappling again with that hoary question, the sale of church silver, in that hoary institution, the letter columns of *The Times* of London. Typically, *The Times* runs one letter for, one against, one oblique.

From the Reverend Graham Dowell of the Anglican Chaplaincy in the University

of London: "Let us not, in our enthusiasm for beautiful buildings and property (which I share), lose sight of the central and incontrovertible truth that the Church is essentially for and about people, not plate."

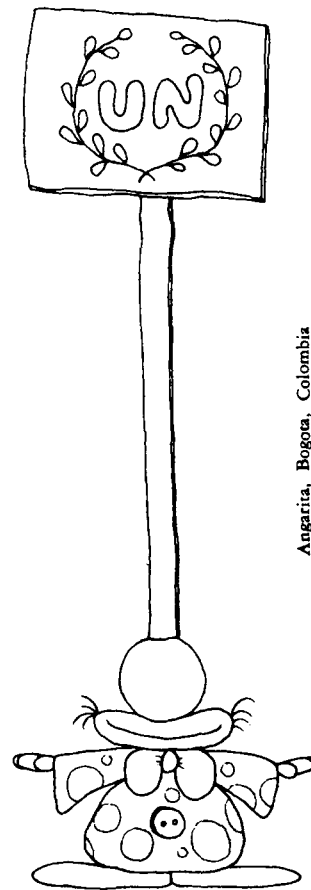
From Canon Maurice H. Ridgway of The Vicarage at Bowdon: "The present generation might well take warning from the inscription on the large paten at St. John's Church, Cheshire (which they have no intention of selling), which reads . . . 'The gift of Mrs. Margaret Jones to the Church of St. John the Baptist in Chester to Cary the Consecrated Bread upon at the Holy Sacrament of Bread and Wine to be kept Solie for that use and woe be to those that commit Sacrilege 1667.'"

From Mr. John Bailey and Mr. John Ainsley of the Christian Stewardship Council at Worcester: "May we enquire why the Society of Silver Collectors did not consider the possibility of purchasing the 'plate' from St. Martin-in-the-Fields . . . ?"

Odds and Ends

—From a *Saturday Review-World* piece on the once-whirling other world of Andy Warhol: "Almost every major [Warhol] Factory protagonist was a refugee from that Catholic Childhood we've heard so much about: Warhol himself (still a practicing Catholic), Linich, Malanga, Ondine, Brigid Polk, Viva, Paul Morrissey. The list could get very long.

"This sheds new light on the place's libertarian style, the theatrically decadent sex, the silver-covered walls, the helium-filled silver pillows. The Factory became The Great Good Place for the children of an ideology dominated by *petit bourgeois* sexual repression, by a hypocritical *contemptus mundi*, and by a preoccupation with the miracles of grace. The Factory was a region for resolving these dilemmas, another world." JOHN DEEDY



Angaria, Bogota, Colombia

CORRESPONDENCE



The Maude Reruns

Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editors: I would like to comment on your "the Maude reruns" [News & Views, Sept. 7]. I believe that the *Providence Visitor* completely missed the point. We, through many Right to Life groups throughout the United States and also the Catholic Conference, did protest the rerunning of "Maude." If you would carefully read the protest letter, however, you will note that neither we nor the USCC merely asked that "Maude" be suppressed. I would agree that that, in fact, would be a form of censorship and therefore unacceptable. We did make a specific request and a strong one. We asked that if "Maude" were run, that equal time be given for an adequate presentation of the other side of the abortion story. We asked that in the event they would not show both sides, that it was then manifestly unfair and biased to only show one side. The conclusion from that would be that if they did not care to show the pro-life side, it was then not fair to show only the anti-life side.

"Maude" was, without question, a blatant propaganda piece. The fact that it was set in a comedy format does not change that judgment one iota. As you know by now, all of the sponsors did in fact withdraw. CBS did go ahead to show but at their own expense, which throws this program then into the category of CBS sponsoring a public-interest program at its own expense. CBS and its affiliates have now laid themselves completely open both from an ethical and we believe possibly from a legal standpoint to the responsibility to air an equal-time program, again of course, at their expense.

This has already happened in at least three major cities. For example WJW-TV, the Cleveland CBS affiliate, did give 30-minutes of prime evening time before its 450,000 viewers to rebut "Maude." I was privileged to give that rebuttal. Strong suggestions are being

(Continued on page 95)

NEWS & VIEWS: 74

EDITORIALS: 75

CORRESPONDENCE: 75

AFTER TEN YEARS, LITURGICAL DECADENCE: Leo J. Hines 76
STARTING ONCE AGAIN: Peter Steinfels 78
IGNAZIO SILONE: PROPHET OF LIBERATION: Myron B. Bloy, Jr. 79
AUDEN'S VISION OF EROS: Mark Taylor 85
THE SCREEN: Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr. 87
WILLIE & BARBARA & BARBARA & WILLIE: Nora L. Magid 89
FOOTNOTES: Raymond A. Schroth 90
BOOKS: Steven Kroll, Robert Phillips 92

JAMES O'GARA: Editor
 RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: Associate Editor
 COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: Movies
 BRIAN WICKER: Great Britain
 HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: Rome
 LOUIS MICHAEL COLONNESE: Latin America
 JOHN DEEDY: Managing Editor
 ANNE ROBERTSON: Editorial Assistant
 JOHN FANDEL: Poetry
 ALAIN WOODROW: Paris
 JOHN COONEY: Dublin
 EDWARD S. SKILLIN: Publisher
 JOHN BRUBAKER: Advertising Manager
 COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
 Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
 Printed in the USA and published weekly,
 except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,
 by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
 Murray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1973 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.
 US and Canada: \$14 a year. Foreign \$16. Single copies 40¢

THE NEW BEGINNING

President Ford? The best question since: Spiro who? In the selection of Congressman Gerald Ford (R., Mich.) to be next in succession to the Presidency, President Richard M. Nixon has once again gratified those critics who want and expect him to fail and depressed those who have kept hoping that he might some day—for the good of the country—muster enough magnanimity and vision to revitalize his thoroughly discredited Administration.

Washington is a vacuum of moral leadership yawning to be filled. Two former cabinet members and two former Presidential assistants are under indictment, with more to come; the former Vice President, who, as Eric Sevareid said, preached the old-fashioned virtues and practiced the old-fashioned vices, has been exposed as a hypocrite and a crook. The United States Court of Appeals has just reminded the President himself that he is not above the law; and now he faces perhaps another humiliation in this confrontation with his own "remodeled" Supreme Court over the Water-gate tapes. He has still not satisfactorily explained his property dealings, his heavy borrowing from Robert Abplanalp and Bebe Rebozo, his income taxes or his wealth; and his odd public behavior, temper tantrums and compulsive travels from home to home have raised questions about his stability.

The President could have lessened a great deal of this tension, disarmed his opponents and restored some public confidence if he had taken the office of the Vice Presidency seriously. Democratic leaders were narrow and cowardly in their own insistence on a "caretaker"—a stipulation which necessarily pressured the President to select a mediocre or aged politico. They were right in their opposition to John Connally and Nelson Rockefeller, both men better known for the strength of their personalities than the strength of their characters. But Nixon could and should have gone beyond his own narrow vision and selected a strong man with intellectual gifts and administrative experience: John Gardner of Common Cause; a public-spirited businessman like Erwin Miller; a respected older politician like John Sherman Cooper; Mark Hatfield or Edward Brooke; a university president. Through an honest and articulate Vice President—in a constructive variation of his campaign surrogate strategy—he might have accom-

Commonweal: 75

plished what he cannot seem to do himself: the restoration of some national faith.

With all this in mind, it was disturbing to witness the festive atmosphere of last Friday's night's introduction of Gerald Ford. It was a cross between "I've Got a Secret" and "The Tonight Show." Nixon grinning and waving, blathering about the peace and prosperity brought on by his leadership, promising a "new beginning" etc. . . . drinks and dinner, etc. . . . with the political corpse of Agnew not yet cold in the next room. Once again the Administration's media men thought the President could inspire public confidence by simply pre-

tending that the basis for the confidence was there. But what they achieved was an embarrassment—like the effect of an off-color joke at a wake.

Vice President Ford. Nixon has rewarded blind loyalty. He has designated a man who, if he ever thought differently from his political superiors, has kept his thoughts to himself. The main difference between Nixon and Ford seems to be that Ford is respected and well-liked. This is no small improvement. If—and this is still possible—it become necessary for Nixon to follow Agnew's example we might at least have a modest and open Presidency, one held together by co-

After Ten Years, Liturgical Decadence

In the ten years since the liturgical reforms proposed by Vatican II have been effectuated a variety of consequences have ensued. One, the joyous celebration in the vernacular so long advocated by liturgists such as Gerald Ellard, S.J., who led the way to the reforms, has become a reality. Two, that joyous celebration is often vulgarized by meretricious hymns of the most offensively pietistic and reactionary kind and songs of love and affection that are totally devoid of religious allusion, never mind significance. Three, there has been a headlong flight of intellectuals from the liturgy if not from the Church entirely, and much of this is due in part to an unwillingness to participate in a Rotarian (Michael Novak's recent word) enthusiasm. Four, the revival of plain chant, so conspicuous a feature of the early days of liturgical reform in the '30s and '40s, is now a dead issue, except for a rare church like St. Paul's in Harvard Square where a highly cultured congregation joins with an accomplished liturgical director, Theodore Marier, in keeping alive many of the musical treasures of the Catholic past. Five, not uncommonly, amateur guitarists have replaced professional musicians as the leaders of song at Mass. It is this, it seems to me, which is the most unfortunate consequence of the way things have gone. Sixth, a new liturgical music has not developed. True, there are the Gelineau psalms but they are likely to be sung only in big city parishes where the pastor has a less parochial sense of culture than the suburban or rural pastor. These comments are perhaps calculated to hurt the sensibilities of liturgists who are old enough to have seen their revolutionary dreams at least partially realized, but hard sayings must sometimes be believed.

From the standpoint of theology the significance of the reforms as we have them derives from the fact that the hold of what Father Ellard once called neo-Manichean cultural dread has to some extent been broken. The Mass of the Middle Ages which was perpetuated into modern times was largely a creature of this cultural dread. The sense, in modern terms, of the "Wholly Other" being vast and inaccessible grew both out of Manicheism, and more specifically St. Augustine's Manichean residue, and out of the creeds which were a response to a less successful heterodoxy, that is Arianism. The God of God, Light of Light, True God of True God of Nicaea was an infinitely powerful corrective to the tendency of the Arians to humanize Christ, and remained through the Middle Ages the tonic note of worshipping practice. Hence the rood screen, hence the remote sanctuary of the Gothic cathedrals, hence the adoration of the Eucharistic species, hence the arcane language, the silences of the Secret and the Canon, the representations of Christus Triumphans on the Crucifix, a royal and magisterial Redeemer Who looks triumphantly out on His saved congregation. Not until the Franciscans introduced the Man of Sorrows and the Prisoner of Love and preached the affective piety of the Way of the Cross did the humble sinner begin to feel that he could approach Christ with simplicity, loving innocence and candor. This was one of the turning points in the history of liturgy, and flowered in Counter-Reformation enthusiasm.

Palestrina's "O Bone Jesu" is perhaps the classic example of a liturgical effectiveness reducing the love-relationship between the Christian and Christ to one of heartfelt reciprocity, as Buxtehude's "Herzlich Lieb Hab Ich Dich, O Herr," is the classic example of Lutheran pietism. Still, a liturgist would object, the pietism is personal, not corporate, and it is rather in radical Protestant sects like the Moravian Brotherhood and the Wesleyans that the sense of the whole community of believers participating is institutionalized. In Catholic circles in the post-medieval period

operation rather than on grotesquely inflated by the President's obsession with being the "most powerful man in the world."

In one way it truly is the time for a "new beginning." The American flag lies soiled in the gutter of Washington waiting for someone to pick it up, clean it, and lead. The new leadership must not fall to a fundamental demagogue promising to *really* return us to the simple purities of an imaginary past, nor to those Democrats, like Senator Henry Jackson, who helped bad-mouth George McGovern to defeat in 1972. Meanwhile, the resources of rebuilding a shattered national faith are the

same as they have always been. They are the Constitution, which does not have to be amended but only used—including, perhaps, its provision for impeachment—and those political, religious and intellectual leaders of the liberal tradition who warned us years ago that our manner of waging war abroad was corrupting our hearts at home. Up to now the Democratic leadership has sat back and watched the Administration crumble. This is the time for an intelligent, compassionate, liberal politician with some modest sense of his own destiny to reach for the flag. If he waits much longer, it may be less worth having.

the Jansenists returned like certain Calvinist groups to the Neo-Manichean and neo-Augustinian sense of the inaccessibility of a severe Judge, so that in French and Irish circles both abroad and in America, from the sixteenth through the twentieth centuries, the reception of Communion was thought proper only for the fit though few, with confession beforehand almost a prerequisite. It is this Jansenist strain in Catholic circles that people like Father Ellard did most to correct, and to return the liturgical ideal to the emphatic enunciation of Christian Redemption of Tertullian and other Church Fathers who later fell into disgrace.

This historical survey is necessary here only to point up the fact that the modern Catholic is groping to contain currents which are very old and very profound. Change comes slowly, and it is not at present certain that very much has changed, despite the fact that the top of the iceberg is plainly in view. What is most alarming, from several points of view, is the flight of intellectuals which I have mentioned. It is not that the reactionary medievalizing of Maritain and his school has fallen into desuetude, it is that nothing of ideational substance, not even a reaction, has taken its place. Outside of professional theological circles, where things are indeed taking place remote from the public, we live in a vacuum. I would not go as far as the cynicism of *Bare Ruined Choirs* but I feel keenly that when the brightest priests, nuns and laity desert in droves we have a crisis comparable in gravity to the single-handed but vastly consequential defection of James Joyce. And liturgical decadence is a function of that crisis.

It will seem strange to say that a condition only ten years old is decadent, but bluntly and sadly put that is the case. There has already been a hardening of the arteries so that artistic and mental energies cannot operate. The guitar which throbs at one in every car, on every TV, in every college commons room, in every hamburger stand cannot continue to be a viable liturgical instrument unless a true secular-

ization of religious sensibility, with all, in America especially, its crassness and crudity, is desired. I have had parish priests object to me that classical music has failed from the beginning to take hold on the American people and the best we can hope for is a kind of liturgical Boston Pops. That seems to me to ignore the fact, to which I now return, that we have not given trained musicians the time, money or encouragement to move in and train congregations as choirs and scholars were trained in earlier centuries—train them in reading music if necessary, in rhythm, harmony, counterpoint, devotional theology so that the congregation has some sense of what it is that Vatican II wanted from the priesthood of believers. One consequence may be that the liturgical Protestants, like the Episcopalians and Lutherans, will be able more readily to respond to dignity and beauty mingled with corporate piety. It is interesting to observe how many post-Reformation liturgical musicians, Byrd, Praetorius, Bach, were able to bridge gaps which the partisan theologians could not. They were among the earliest ecumenists. Given a quickened interest on the part of musicians, hymns may come into being that are authentically in the modern idiom and also musically substantial. Given such an interest, there might be less of a tendency for Catholics to continue living in the Catholic ghetto: even, where it counts most sometimes, on the university campus where the literature and art of tomorrow are being gestated.

It is a hard thing for one who was in his youth twenty years ago a schemer for radical reforms to seem to be in the position of a reactionary. But I am not sure that I could be accused of that. One has only to read Ronald Knox's *Enthusiasm* or Hofstadter's *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* to see that the strains of many centuries are still firmly entwined about the contemporary American Catholic Church. Where is the true newness?

LEO J. HINES

(Leo J. Hines is an Associate Professor of English at Fitchburg State College, Mass.)

THE HOTEL McAlpin stands at 34th and Broadway, kitty-corner from Macy's in New York. Meeting there last weekend, along with the New York Metropolitan Shoe Show, some Hong Kong Custom Tailors, the Astrologers Guild of America (Green Room), the Believers in God (2nd mezzanine), and the Brotherhood of Wisdom (24th floor), was the Founding Convention of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee.

The modest Hotel McAlpin jogged my memory back to a far different sort of hotel, the swank Palmer House in Chicago, where the Convention on New Politics met six years ago, in September, 1967. And that was not the least of the contrasts. The 1967 meeting had thousands of delegates, television lights glaring down on the speakers, worldwide press coverage. Last weekend's gathering packed about 250 delegates and a matching number of observers into a third-floor ballroom. The only press notice was on page 38 of the *Times*—the obituary page. Yet the first of these meetings ended in a swamp of confusion and despair; the most recent on a slender, but strong, note of hope.

The 1967 Convention on New Politics really marked the end of the radical impulse which had begun with the Montgomery Bus Boycott and the 1960 sit-ins. It was that movement, far more than John F. Kennedy, which had "got this country moving again." It swelled, went North, rolled South again during Mississippi Summer, washed over the campuses, and finally cracked up against the complexity of the Northern race question and the intractability of U.S. war policy. By 1967 its force was broken.

There was much more to come, of course: the Crazies, the Yippies, the Columbia and Harvard occupations, the 1968 Democratic Convention, Black Panthers, Weathermen, more Peace Marches, Kent State, the Cam-

STARTING ONCE AGAIN

PETER STEINFELS

bodia strike, the Berrigans' witness—in fact, it is all this, rather than the earlier movement, which most people remember as the "Sixties."

I would argue, however, that this view is wrong, that what came after 1967 was an artificial prolongation of a spent energy, kept going—desperately—by the compelling issue of the war. The earlier movement was making history; the latter was made by history—sometimes nobly rising to the challenge, sometimes sinking to it raggedly, but essentially reactive all the while. It was not the blaze of a new fire, but the last flaring of a candle about to go out.

Another strand of political history also stretches across the half-decade since 1967, that of the middle-class "new politics." The movement took off with Eugene McCarthy's and Robert Kennedy's campaigns in '68—and scraped to a forced landing with the McGovern defeat of '72.

So what does all that have to do with the meeting at the Hotel McAlpin? Just this: the Convention of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee represented an attempt to begin. Once again. Led by Michael Harrington, and constructed largely around ideas he expressed in *Toward a Democratic Left* and *Socialism*, it brought together trade unionists and intellectuals, participants in the last decade's radical upsurge and their critics. Openly confessing its conviction that genuine solutions to the nation's problems require passing beyond the limits of American capitalism, the DSOC is nonetheless committed to working within the Democratic Party alongside labor and

middle-class liberals. The DSOC is obviously willing to live with compromise. It believes that incremental gains are good in themselves, but also that, placed in a conscious socialist perspective, they can lay the political basis for a mass socialist movement.

The Founding Convention opened with Harrington's admonition that "It is time for the democratic Left to close the books on the differences of the 1960's." By and large, the delegates seemed determined to do that. In fact, what petty clashes broke out at the two-day meeting appeared to be filling the vacuum created by a consensus that was remarkable for left-wing politics. When the "madness hour" which almost inevitably afflicts the hectic, closing sessions of such gatherings had frayed tempers and revived shadows of ultimatums, Harrington deftly intervened to remind the delegates of the DSOC's fragility. The little ship righted itself and sailed to harbor.

The real test for the DSOC will be whether it can provide a home for the great numbers of politically homeless leftists who are eager for the comprehensive view that the new group's combination of socialist theory and common-sense strategy might provide. The veterans of socialist and trade-union radicalism at the core of DSOC are determined to be open, but they betray their unconscious possessiveness in a hundred small ways—the way they use the pronouns "we" and "our," the references to past struggles, the stylized forms of address, the guests they choose to introduce. There is a poignancy in the fact that, for these veterans, the DSOC can keep the comfortable air of old lodgings only by failing. If, as might very well occur, the group's New York office at 125 West 77th Street is flooded with inquiries and applications, the DSOC may well be unrecognizable to its founders. Its greatest risk may be the risk of success.

IGNAZIO SILONE: PROPHET OF LIBERATION

MYRON B. BLOY, JR.

A spiritual vision of reality on the political dimension of man's life

Last year, a group of Americans in Rome—classicist William Arrowsmith (Boston University), theologian William Johnson (Brandeis University), historian Henry Millon (M.I.T.), and I—spent a day in conversation with Ignazio Silone in his pleasant, somewhat cluttered suburban flat. We had all been deeply nurtured by Silone's narrative and political writing, by his compassion for the dispossessed rooted in a prophetic/Christian vision, and we gathered at the invitation of the Church Society for College Work to discuss with him the political and spiritual condition of man today. Some of our questions tended to be more prolix, more "academic," than necessary, but Silone was unfailingly sympathetic, as simple and anecdotal in his conversation as in his writing: his two lifelong premises remain unshaken, i.e., that institutions, like the Communist Party and the Church, will inevitably betray their own principles in the interests of their institutional aggrandizement, but that "spiritual communication" between men is possible and will continue to blossom in the most unlikely political and social soil. That ironic tension between tragedy and hope dominated our conversation just as it dominates all of Silone's writing, and he would neither be pushed into political despair nor pulled into pollyanna anarchism. By the end of the day, we all were moved by Silone's large and tempered spirit. But he is, of course, no mere monument, and it is the peculiar appositeness of his spirit to the dilemma of the liberation movement today which I wish to describe in what follows.

I.

"Liberation"—for blacks, for women, for the poor,

REVEREND MYRON B. BLOY, JR., is Executive Director of The Church Society for College Work, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

for all the oppressed—is the term which political radicalism most uses to describe its goal in our time. It has more existential resonance than "justice," it is more ambitious than "equality," and it is more personalistic than "fraternity." Perhaps, as Paulo Freire says, liberation will become the theme which marks our whole epoch in world history. So far, however, the term has been much more effective as a banner than as a touchstone for understanding the process of political change, although many women and black intellectuals are now sounding its depths.

Any phenomenology of liberation must include at least its double *movement* and its double *form*. The movement for liberation is, on the one hand, *against* the powers of oppression in order to gain the elbow room for action and, on the other hand, *towards* the new society of personal and social fulfillment. It is the double movement to be free *from* oppression and *for* new life. Of course, the struggle to be free from oppression must be at least partially energized by some implicit, albeit unformulated, notion of a more fulfilling life, but unless that half-conscious notion becomes an empowering vision on which a new social and cultural future can be built, political action ultimately becomes aimless and dies.

The difference between Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, so alike superficially, illustrates my point. Tom's escapades are always attempts to free himself from the oppressive hegemony of the adult world, but the reader knows that Tom is not struggling for a serious alternative to that world, that he is, rather, winsomely demonstrating a "stage" in his evolution into it. Huck's escape from that world, in more somber aspect, grows during the long river journey into the provisional experience and slow articulation of a more capacious and humane vision of human brotherhood: a new world has been born in Huck's consciousness. This moment of turning,

when political action becomes informed not only by the desperate escape from smothering oppression but also now by the celebration of an empowering vision of a new life, must be successfully achieved if the liberation movement is to achieve its maturity.

The moment of turning is given paradigmatic expression in the following account of an event in a recent American Sociological Association meeting:

The radicals, who for three previous years had played a major role in the discussions at the annual meeting, seemed to feel that they had done as much "consciousness raising" as was possible within the discipline and that they should now focus on "positive programs." "Radical sociology as we have known it is over," said Richard Flacks, a founder of the Students for a Democratic Society and an associate professor of sociology at the University of California at Santa Barbara. . . .

Radicals must now work to "create a positive series of tasks beyond criticism, beyond polemic, beyond analysis," Mr. Flacks said. Otherwise, they will succeed only in leading students who have become alienated from the systems into despair.

Although blacks reached this turning point with the beginning of "black consciousness" and women somewhat more recently, this epiphany of the sociologists is especially remarkable because the academic culture has always had such a dogmatically single-minded devotion to analysis and criticism. The "positive series of tasks" which Flacks proposes, unlike analysis or even criticism, depends on some real enrichment and clarification of movement eschatology—on a satisfactory, if provisional, answer to the question, "What are we liberated for?" The intense factionalism of the movement today is, in part, a concomitant of a new seriousness about that question: more profound alliances and differences have inevitably emerged as each group has drawn on its own deepest and most particular identity to achieve an empowering vision of what it is liberated for. Eventually, and hopefully sooner than later, a vision must be found which can unite and enliven towards the future all those who struggle for a liberated mankind.

But the acceptance of that task and, hence, of the double *movement* of liberation has also revealed the double *form* of liberation. The acceptance of the normative question about the future reveals that liberation must take *cultural* as well as *political* form because the goal of liberation is now understood to be not merely the absence of political repression but the attainment of a whole new life. The so-called "new sensibility" or "counter-culture" are almost instinctual efforts to forge in the basic relations of everyday life the mores and myths appropriate for a liberated culture. No one has argued the necessity of this effort better than Marcuse who, in *An Essay on Liberation*, says:

If the socialist relationships of production are to be a new way of life, a new form of life, then their existential quality must show forth, anticipated and demonstrated, in the fight for their realization. Exploitation in all its forms must have disappeared from this fight: from the work relationships among the fighters as well as from their individual relationships. Understanding, tenderness toward each other, the instinctual consciousness of that which is evil, false, the heritage of oppression, would then testify to the authenticity of the rebellion. In short, the economic, political and cultural features of a classless society must have become the basic needs of those who fight for it. This ingression of the future into the present, this depth dimension of the rebellion accounts, in the last analysis, for the incompatibility with the traditional forms of the political struggle.

Marcuse's unacknowledged model here is, of course, Christian eschatology, i.e., the Kingdom is to be prophetically revealed, as "first fruits," in the life of the Church now.

But there is, finally, a curious flatness in Marcuse's



understanding of cultural change. While he is very clear about the necessity of forging the new cultural style in the existential situations of daily life, he does not recognize the need to reconstitute, in that process, the fundamental myth, the sacred story, by which the new man (as everyman) must understand his life over against the threat of temporal and spatial chaos. Without a sustaining context of meaning and order at the mythic level, man's action becomes spastic rather than cumulative, courage becomes bravado, and failure (insofar as it can be recognized) leads inevitably to despair. In fact, it is a typical problem of hard-nosed, leftist cultural analysis of Marxist and Freudian derivation that it is ideologically blocked from seeing the constitutive necessity of the sacred, and of the mythological structures it projects, in any viable culture. Paulo Freire's Marxist analysis in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* is a case in point. He says, in the most succinct statement of his world-view:

Sectarianism (the position of one who "dogmat-

ically assumes closed, 'irrational' positions"), fed by fanaticism, is always castrating. Radicalization, nourished by a critical spirit, is always creative. Sectarianism mythicizes and thereby alienates. Radicalization involves increased commitment to the position one has chosen, and thus ever greater engagement in the effort to transform concrete, objective reality. Conversely, sectarianism, because it is mythicizing and irrational, turns reality into a false (and therefore unchangeable) "reality."

In the course of the book "myth" is increasingly characterized as a tissue of sanctimonious falsehoods used by the oppressors to hoodwink the oppressed into accepting their situation, while "concrete, objective reality" (a phrase used repeatedly without any explicit definition) seems to imply a lumpish, flat world of simple cause and effect whose workings will, with the removal of the "myths," become transparently self-evident and lead almost inevitably to a humane social order. Thus, the pedagogy of the oppressed which will lead to their liberation is a "problem-posing education (which) involves a constant unveiling of reality." Borrowing from the language of theology, Freire often calls this process "demythologizing."

Freire's pedagogy, based on a typical leftist metaphysic, has had a demonstrated success in freeing illiterates in Latin America from the stupefying fatalism, mythologically reinforced, which has characterized their existence and inhibited social change. But, as the radical American sociologists have concluded, the "critical spirit" is not only ultimately inadequate to the creation of a liberated culture but, taken raw, inevitably creates an alienation so deep that the resultant passive despair looks, ironically enough, remarkably similar to the fatalism of the Latin American oppressed! One suspects that if Latin America finally participates in the same cultural collapse which we now experience—a demythologizing so profound that the primal symbols and myths, by which time was transfigured into history and consciousness into form, no longer hold chaos at bay—if that happens, then Freire and other radical theorists must recognize the inadequacy of their metaphysic and pedagogy.

This collapse, at any rate, is the situation in which Americans must create a culture of liberation, and it demands that we press through the flat positivist world of most radical theory into the mystery of existence, there to re-establish our fundamental cultural identity in myth and metaphysic, in symbol and ceremonial. The power of chaos grows apace and we are beginning to learn existentially from its terror what Tillich had taught us theoretically, i.e., that man is, no matter how he disguises it, *homo religiosus* and that he forgets this fact at his peril. In fact, one important aspect of the "new sensibility" which Marcuse neglects to describe is precisely a fumbling, yet passionate, struggle to find

the mythic and ceremonial means to recover the power of the sacred. We see it overtly in the popularity of religious books, courses, and public lectures. Every religion known to man is being openly practiced in Cambridge and other academic centers today, and the popular music of the young is laced with this concern. This quest is also an implicit part of many overtly political actions, e.g., the ritual and ceremonial aspects of the demonstration.

As I have attempted to demonstrate elsewhere, many counter-culture young are possessed by the same "ontological obsession" as primitive religious man. This obsession is not for the "moral and spiritual ideals" which most religious institutions mistakenly traffic in but, rather, for the very power of the sacred which alone can establish the *reality* of lives over against the threat of chaos. As Eliade describes it:

... the sacred is pre-eminently the *real*, at once power, efficacy, the source of life and fecundity. Religious man's desire to live *in the sacred* is in fact equivalent to his desire to take up his abode in objective reality, not to let himself be paralyzed by the never-ceasing relativity of purely subjective experiences, to live in a real and effective world, and not in an illusion.

While Freire's Marxist version of "reality" and "illusion" may be the astringent means for freeing man from false, demonic myths which help to oppress him, something like religious man's perspective and passion is necessary to build the mythic foundations of a new culture which can draw liberated man towards his fulfillment. It is not surprising that many of those who recognize this necessity, either consciously or unconsciously, often act on it in seemingly freaky and unproductive ways: a dogmatically secularist academic culture has denied them the conceptual and linguistic tools they need for their search for the sacred, and religious institutions, apostate to various forms of idealism and institutional self-aggrandizement, have denied them access to a living tradition of the sacred.

In summary, then, what do we make of this moment in the American liberation movement? As I have tried to indicate briefly, the liberation movement must begin to articulate and demonstrate what man can be free *for* as well as what he is becoming free *from*, and this new task implicitly demands increasing emphasis on cultural, as well as political, liberation. Finally, this new emphasis, in direction and form, of the liberation movement requires an imaginative capacity which, in the last analysis, is religious.

II.

Ignazio Silone is not primarily a political philosopher nor, still less, a political scientist. He is, rather, in the tradition of the prophets: his concern is to bring his

spiritual vision of reality to bear on the political dimensions of man's life. As I have argued in the previous section, the liberation movement today is precisely in need of such a vision, one which can enliven us towards the future. The vision Silone bears, while basically a contemporary and local rendering of the familiar prophetic vision of the West, has been tested and purified in the suffering of his own life, so that he is a model, as well as expositor, of the life his vision points to. He is also, therefore, in the tradition of the saints. He is, finally, an artist, i.e., he so incarnates his vision in the temporal flesh of our experience that he can inspire our hearts as well as persuade our minds. While we must eventually reckon a little more fully with Silone as saint and artist, our primary task is to describe the significance and substance of his prophetic role.

What makes Silone a prophet, rather than a political philosopher, is that his life-long concern has been to uncover, celebrate and serve the conspiracy of history in behalf of the brotherhood of man rather than to be just a functionary of a particular socialist ideology. While he recognizes the inevitability, and indeed the political necessity of ideology, his mission has been to defend "the socialist Faith" against its betrayal by certain great ideologies and their institutions—especially the Church and the Communist Party—which ostensibly exist to serve it. That irony—the same one Jeremiah held up in mocking Israel's reliance on religious ideology and institutions when he warned, "Do not trust in these deceptive words: 'This is the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord.'"—is basic to Silone's political commentary. In the tradition of the prophets, it serves not only to expose the self-idolatry of all institutions and ideologies—even those dedicated to the "true" faith—but also to celebrate the power to survive all such betrayals of the underlying conspiracy of history in man's behalf.

That irony is also Silone's basic literary device: it defines the very texture of the Abruzzi peasants' world, sometimes as comedy and sometimes as tragedy, and it also serves as the fundamental plot of his novels and plays. The bitter conflict between powerful demonic institutions, including the Church and Party as well as the Fascist state, and a few friends struggling to realize brotherhood, as personal intercommunion and as social justice, ends typically with the defeat of the protagonists but with the implicit promise that their struggle will be vindicated in the eventual triumph of their vision. In the eucharistic celebration of the young revolutionary's death at the conclusion of *Bread and Wine* and in the hero's self-offering for the deaf and dumb boy's crime that ends *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, Silone evokes the triumph-through-suffering paradox of the crucifixion to manifest his vision. At the end of *A Handful of Blackberries*, after a chief protagonist has been driven into exile, his friend, Rocco, proposes a toast:

"To the future Liberation." "Future in what sense?" Don Nicola asked him. "Imminent?" "Whenever it comes," said Rocco. "Next year, or sixty or even two thousand years from now."

In the title essay of *Emergency Exit*, Silone describes how his "faith in Socialism" drove him to leave the Party (as it had driven him to leave the Church before), how that faith emerged "more alive than ever," and why it was more fundamental than the socialist ideologies and theories that are based on it. He concludes,

I have often expressed my view of the relationships between the Socialist movement and theories of Socialism. They are not all rigid or immutable. They are the same relationships that are to be found between philosophical schools and the great movements of history. As they are studied and analyzed, the theories can die out and be repudiated, but the movement goes on . . . I cannot conceive of Socialism tied to any particular theory, only to a faith.

That fundamental "movement," whose presence and values are evident to those who have eyes to see, in no sense undercuts the mundane political and economic activities of the socialist revolutionary, but, on the contrary, it gives those activities an almost sacred significance in the great conspiracy of history in behalf of justice and brotherhood. Silone describes this situation neatly in an introduction to his first play, *And He Hid Himself*:

Modern Socialism, after the first world war, fared like the hunter who set out to hunt quail and fell among wolves. In the unforeseen combat with the wolves those Socialists were saved who were not only electors and tax-payers but also whole, real and entire men. In the combat with the wolves Socialism, to save itself, has gone beyond the narrow boundaries of the bourgeois spirit and has rediscovered its Christian ancestry.

The revolution of our epoch, promoted by politicians and economists, thus takes on the form of a "sacred mystery," with the very fate of man on earth for its theme.

The tasks of the economic and political order are by no means obscured or dis-simulated thereby; they are indeed the first and main tasks. But the men called on to carry them out must know that they come from far and are going far.

The interpenetration of sacred and mundane stories, of the eschatological and political dimensions, becomes, then, the basic theme of that play—as, indeed, it is of all Silone's fiction.

Silone's "faith in Socialism" is, as he has often noted, rooted in the peasant culture of the Abruzzi in two particulars. His sense of a primordial, "given" brotherhood of man grows out of the intense, familial loyalty of the Abruzzi peasant. But while the peasant's loyalty is severely limited—making him, in Banfield's fine

phrase, an "amoral familist"—Silone has struggled to give imaginative shape to an "extension of the ethical requirements of the restricted individual and family sphere to the entire realm of human activity." Silone's radical hope, which finally makes his vision comic rather than tragic, is also rooted in the Abruzzi peasant culture:

Under the ashes of skepticism, the ancient hope for the kingdom, the ancient expectation that love will take the place of law, the ancient dreams of Gioacchino da Fiore, the Spirituals and the Celestines have never died out among those who suffer most. And this is a fact of enormous and fundamental importance which no one has considered sufficiently. In an exhausted and tired area such as ours, this has always seemed to me a real resource, a miraculous reserve. The politicians are unaware of it, the clergy fear it. Perhaps only the saints are able to sense it and to make use of it.

Having outlined Silone's distinction between the *ideologies* and the *faith* of socialism and noted the sources of that faith, we can easily recognize the consequent substance of his commitment. In "The Choice of Comrades"—probably Silone's most well-known essay, first published in *The God That Failed*—he describes the ravages of nihilism among the Western world's intellectuals and the efforts of Camus, Malraux, and others to respond with adequate grounds for the life of meaning and moral purpose; then he concludes with his own response:

In spite of everything, then, is there anything left? Yes, there are some unshakable certainties. These, in my belief, are Christian certainties. They seem to be so built into human reality that man disintegrates when he denies them. This is not enough to constitute a profession of faith, but it will do as a declaration of confidence. . . . It is supported by the certainty that we men are free and responsible beings; it is supported by the certainty that man has an absolute need of an opening into the reality of others; and it is supported by the certainty that spiritual communication is possible. If this is so, is it not an irrefutable proof of the brotherhood of man? This certainty also contains a rule of life. From it is born a love of the oppressed which no historical failure can put in doubt, since no vested interest is involved. Its validity does not depend on success. With these certainties which are fundamental to existence how can one resign oneself to witnessing man's potentialities snuffed out in the most humble and unfortunate? How can one consider moral a life that is deaf to this fundamental commitment?

Two constitutive elements of this credo give it special power for us. While this vision of ultimate meaning for man, and the ethic which flows from it, clearly

derives from the prophetic tradition as it has survived in the Abruzzi, it is also achieved, mediated, and thereby authenticated by the real commitment and suffering of a man of our time—by, in other words, a "saint." The purpose of the saints is not, as is often presumed, to provide triumphal adornment for the tradition, but—more pragmatically—to wrest that ever-receding tradition through the medium of their own lives into immediate availability for others. When Silone says, "I consider the rediscovery of the Christian heritage in the ferment of liberation taking place in contemporary society our most important spiritual gain," he is describing an accomplishment that always depends on a radical openness to that heritage by real persons in their social and political lives. Through the lives of saints our fading "heritage" becomes startlingly present to us as a new ontological claim, as the power of the sacred manifestly making life real, as our own *personal* judgment and promise. Ignazio Silone—like Simone Weil or Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Martin Luther King or Cesar Chavez—has given new credence and power to the prophetic vision through his saintly witness.

The Story-Teller

Silone's prophetic vision also has peculiar power for us because he is an artist—in particular, a story-teller. One of the most terrible symptoms of an age of nihilism, as Silone has argued and repeatedly demonstrated in his fiction, is the collapse of language, especially the language of abstraction, into an instrument of personal and social betrayal. "If I could just go to sleep and wake up again not only with my lungs well," muses Silone's hero, after his return from exile, "but also with the mind of a normal man, with my head freed from all abstraction." And at the close of his essay on nihilism, just after his "declaration of confidence," Silone advances this prescription:

This is to say that the spiritual situation described above admits of neither apology nor arrogance. It is, truthfully, a makeshift. It is like an encampment of refugees in no-man's land, a camp exposed to the elements. What do you suppose refugees do from morning to night? They pass most of their time telling each other their stories. They are not very entertaining stories, but they tell them, more than anything else in an effort to understand.

We, too, are sick of abstractions—those of triumphal ideology as well as of smug technique—and we begin again to try to wrest meaning, piecemeal, from nubbly experience, from stories of our lives. Silone's fiction—all of it in clear, contrapuntal dependence on his own life-story of institutional betrayal and search for hope—provides the kind of concrete clues for the sounding of reality which we can trust.

But Silone's story-telling—transparent, as it is, to the

human experience of oppression and authenticated by his own personal and political struggles—relies on another, more potent, source of power for revealing his prophetic vision. Silone's "mundane stories" clearly resonate to the "sacred story which shapes the consciousness of Western man." The terms are used by Stephen Crites in his brilliant argument that narrative, like music, is one of the constitutive elements of human experience, necessary to man's expression of "coherence through time." Sacred stories, according to Crites, are those which give primary shape to man's consciousness:

They are moving forms, at once musical and narrative, which inform peoples' sense of the story of which their own lives are a part, of the moving course of their own action and experience . . . For the sacred story does not transpire within a conscious world. It forms the very consciousness that projects a total world horizon, and therefore forms the intention by which actions are projected into that world.

Mundane stories are "the stories that are told, all stories directly seen or heard." In describing how some mundane stories resonate with special power to the sacred story, Crites provides, I believe, the means for understanding the power, the extraordinary weight, of Silone's fiction; he says,

Between sacred and mundane stories there is a distinction without separation. From the sublime to the ridiculous, all a people's mundane stories are implicit in its sacred story, and every mundane story takes soundings in the sacred story. But some mundane stories sound out greater depths than others. Even the myths and epics, even the scriptures, are mundane stories. But in these, as well as in some works of literary art, . . . the sacred stories resonate. People are able to feel this resonance, because the unutterable stories are those they know best of all.

The sacred story of Western man has shaped our consciousness in different ways in different times, but it has always been some variation of the prophetic/Christian vision—of history conspiring towards man's eventual fulfillment in justice and love and man's participation in that conspiracy through suffering loyalty—and Silone's stories of political struggle authentically resonate to and celebrate that story.

While it is impossible to *prove* this resonance in Silone's fiction, it can be shown obliquely by noting the uncanny resemblance of his stories—especially the stories of peasant life told by his fictional characters—to the New Testament parables of the kingdom. Like the parables, Silone's stories are redolent of the comic irony of peasant culture; while spare of descriptive detail and omniscient author interpretations, they manage to suggest portentous meaning, to sound mysterious depth; although their "point" seems at first to be some

folk moralism, one finally discovers them to be demonstrations of a different consciousness—manifestations of another world; and, finally they are "confronting" stories—they press us to enter the new world they establish.

Furthermore—to note briefly another resemblance of Silone's fiction to a literary touchstone of sacral resonance—the progression from the unrelieved despair of *Fontamara*, through the quickening, more hopeful struggle for communion among men in *Bread and Wine*, to the stately celebration of a secular beatific vision of human community in *The Seed Beneath the Snow* is also the progression of *The Divine Comedy*. Indeed, this progression is a paradigm of every saintly autobiography reflecting in miniature the sacred story itself. Silone's stories are among those which resonate most authentically to the "unutterable stories (we) know best of all."

Prophet, saint, and artist—these are the roles which, as they relate in a mutually reinforcing way, are the basic elements of Ignazio Silone's identity. As prophet, his faith in Socialism grows out of his perception that history is not merely the cold, blind, dumb setting for each man's lonely struggle but, rather, a "sacred mystery," a spiritual conspiracy working through time to bring men to their maturity which is communion with each other. Despite man's institutional and self-betrayals, the great conspiracy keeps re-emerging in small groups of persons who achieve some measure of communion among themselves and again stubbornly set about repairing or inventing the political and economic structures which will nurture such communion. The hope of these revolutionaries is not based on an assessment of their own meager resources of power but, rather, on their conviction that the great conspiracy of which they are a part will eventually be fulfilled in the liberation of mankind. As saint and artist, Silone helps us to break through the opaque surface of layered events to know ourselves the judgment and hope of that underlying conspiracy.

III.

Ours is almost the time that Amos predicted:
See what days are coming—it is the Lord Yahweh
who speaks—

days when I will bring famine on the country,
a famine not of bread, a drought not of water,
but of hearing the word of Yahweh.

They will stagger from sea to sea.

wander from north to east,
seeking the word of Yahweh
and failing to find it.

That day, delicate girl
and stalwart youth shall faint from thirst.

(Amos 8: 11-13)

The "hearing of the word of Yahweh"—that word

which arouses our confidence in the great conspiracy of history in behalf of the brotherhood of man and demands our loyalty, whatever the consequent suffering—has energized man's struggle for liberation from the day Abraham set off for the land of Canaan at its behest. Through the succeeding years, the enlivening judgment and promise of that word has slowly accumulated as spiritual capital; our experience in the struggle for liberation and our celebrations of the conspiracy of history in story and rite have trained our hearing, in some minimal way, for the receiving of that word. But in these recent years we have squandered our capital like prodigal sons without any regard for the cultic discipline and the serious reflection which alone can maintain it. The folly of our pretension to be able to carry on the struggle without that enlivening word becomes clearer as events now force us to determine what we are liberated for. Awakening to our dilemma, we have tried to sit

down on a cool afternoon and make up a new future for ourselves, but such calculated visions prove sterile of either confronting judgment or real hope and divisive of what little community we have inherited. The signs of the times are that we are ready for the deeper turning, ready for a serious effort to hear anew and assume again our loyalty to the great conspiracy of history which has been celebrated by the prophets of every age.

Silone is a forerunner—a modern-day John the Baptist—in this new/old turn that the liberation movement must take. He is the man of faith whose personal courage and deep-reaching imagination enable us to share his faith. We must, of course, accomplish that hearing in the terms of our own place and time, but Silone's life clearly reveals the voice we must attend to and gives us hope that we, too, can participate in that larger hope which overcomes the chaos and consequent despair which threatens to engulf us.

AUDEN'S VISION OF EROS

MARK TAYLOR

The Natural World of the Dynamo and the Historical World of the Virgin

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise.

—"In Memory of W. B. Yeats"

Since it is an aesthetic heresy, as W. H. Auden has written, to deny any difference between a great poem and a good one, it follows that there are demonstrable differences, too, between great poets and good ones. Inevitably, the question will be asked whether Auden himself was a great poet or a good one, and in time the critics and literary historians will give us their answers. Now, a week after his death, I shall venture only this: the garden of twentieth-century verse would be a sparer land had he not helped to plant it. And sparer, by far.

Auden will be remembered mainly as a poet, but there are other labels, also, that attach to him. His passport identified him (merely) as a writer, a convenience since most customs inspectors think that "writers make lots of money." When he was asked by strangers on a train what he was, he said, "Medieval historian," the better to stanch curiosity and more questions. To these titles one could add essayist, librettist, literary critic, book reviewer. Or, in respect of his ability to get out the work: professional author.

Still, while regarding him as all these things, I hope that he is never neglected, or underrated, as a teacher—a teacher, to be sure, who spoke from books rather than a lectern, but nevertheless one from whom we learned. Somewhere Auden says, with characteristically ironic exactitude, that there are 34 critics for whom he is really grateful. Myself, I am grateful for more than 34, but there are few among them—the only other one who comes immediately to mind is C. S. Lewis—whose every word offers luminous testimony to their joy in the presence of books, to their eternal astonishment that they have been lucky enough to participate in this particular literary experience. When I read Auden, I never suspect him of any base motive, a personal or academic quarrel, or showing how clever he can be.

A teacher can render no greater service, and no rarer one, than to transmit the enthusiasm that, usually long ago, made him choose his subject for his life's work, but I don't mean to imply that Auden's criticism is enthusiasm, only, without cogency; for example, no better essays on Shakespeare have ever been written than the several that Auden includes in *The Dyer's Hand*. Though I don't accept all that he says there—I cannot agree, for one thing, that "given a few more years of Othello" Desdemona "might well . . . have taken a lover"—the general spirit of his remarks seems to me absolutely Shakespeare's own.

Almost everything W. H. Auden wrote sprang from

MARK TAYLOR teaches in the English Department at Manhattan College. His book on George Herbert will appear this winter.

his intense apprehension of two separate spheres of being, what we would contrast as actuality with art, or even as experience with innocence, but what he called the Natural World of the Dynamo and the Historical World of the Virgin, or, again, borrowing from J. R. R. Tolkien, the Primary World of the senses and the Secondary World of the imagination. One world is necessarily public; the other, private. The two worlds differ most significantly in their concepts of justice, always the central problem for Auden. In the World of the Dynamo, justice is "the equality of all before natural law," which means anonymity and includes suffering and death, but in the World of the Virgin, justice is "the love of my neighbor as a unique and irreplaceable being." These two worlds, and their contrastive standards of justice, Auden found in conflict in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*: "Overtly, Falstaff is a Lord of Misrule; parabolically, he is a comic symbol for the supernatural order of Charity as contrasted with the temporal order of Justice symbolized by Henry of Monmouth. . . . Falstaff's neglect of the public interest in favor of private concerns is an image for the justice of charity which treats each person, not as a cipher, but as a unique person."

It is Falstaff's sort of justice that people look for in Auden's poems and that he seeks always to establish. The haunting refrain of the first part of "In Memory of W. B. Yeats,"

O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day,
shows how unresponsive the World of the Dynamo is to the deepest needs of man, needs that Auden defines in "September 1, 1939,"

For the error bred in the bone
Of each woman and each man
Craves what it cannot have,
Not universal love
But to be loved alone.

The Primary World is "the burrows of the Nightmare/ Where Justice naked is," where "Time watches from the shadow/ And coughs when you would kiss"; it is "the midden whose odours will madden." The Primary World, ruled by law not love, will claim everyone; in *The Age of Anxiety* the Medical Intelligence officer Malin reflects on the unalterable future:

Behold the infant, helpless in cradle and
Righteous still, yet already there is
Dread in his dreams at the deed of which
He knows nothing but knows he can do,
The gulf before him with guilt beyond,
Whatever that is whatever why
Forbids his bound; till that ban tempts him;
He jumps and is judged; he joins mankind,
The fallen families, freedom lost,
Love become Law.

One of his most famous lines, "We must love one an-

other or die," Auden rightly emended to "We must love one another *and* die" (he later expunged the line altogether from "September 1, 1939"), for he knew that mortality, time, and profanation cannot be denied, that they make unknown citizens of us all, finally, but that their terrors can be neutralized by secret acts of charity, the giving of love:

Certainly, fidelity
On the stroke of midnight pass
Like vibrations of a bell,
And fashionable madmen raise
Their pedantic boring cry:
Every farthing of the cost,
All the dreaded cards foretell,
Shall be paid, but from this night
Not a whisper, not a thought,
Not a kiss nor look be lost.

In this way Auden's poetry is poetry of affirmation and triumph.

More than anything else, Auden regretted the loss of the *sacred* in the modern world and, in both prose and verse, searched to rediscover it by asserting the incalculable value, the preciousness, of every human being. "In a society governed by the values appropriate to Labor," he wrote, thinking mainly of America, "the gratuitous is no longer regarded—most earlier cultures thought differently—as sacred, because, to Man the Laborer, leisure is not sacred but a respite from laboring, a time of relaxation and the pleasures of consumption." But the poet's commitment is perforce otherwise. "The relation of a poet, or any artist, to society

At the Manger

W. H. AUDEN

SECTION I

Soprano solo

O shut your bright eyes that mine must endanger
With their watchfulness; protected by its shade
Escape from my care: what can you discover
From my tender look but how to be afraid?
Love can but confirm the more it would deny.
Close your bright eye.

Sleep. What have you learned from the womb
that bore you
But an anxiety your Father cannot feel?
Sleep. What will the flesh that I gave do
for you,
Or my mother love but tempt you from His will.
Why was I chosen to teach His Son to weep?
Little One, sleep.

Dream. In human dreams earth ascends to
Heaven
Where no one need pray nor ever feel alone.
In your first few hours of life here, O have you
Chosen already what death must be your own?
How soon will you start on the Sorrowful Way?
Dream while you may.

Extract from a Christmas Oratorio
Commonweal, December 25, 1942

and politics is . . . more difficult than it has ever been because, while he cannot but approve of the importance of *everybody* getting enough food to eat and enough leisure, this problem has nothing to do with art, which is concerned with *singular persons*, as they are alone and 'as they are in their personal relations.' It is this understanding, I think, that explains the joy we find in his critical writings, the joy of sharing an encounter that can never be duplicated, and explains as well the generosity and wisdom that pervade his teacher's voice.

At the heart of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* Auden found a mystical vision in which the object of attention—and it cannot be "things, human beings, or God"—is "experienced as numinous, clothed in glory, charged with an intense being-thereness." Of possible kinds of mystical experience, Shakespeare presented the Vision of Eros, which "is concerned with a single person, who is revealed to the subject as being of infinite sacred importance." Whether or not Auden is right about Shakespeare (and I believe he is), he is describing the Vision of Eros at the center of his own consciousness and his own poetry.

"When a writer is dead," Auden wrote, "one ought to be able to see that his various works, taken together, make one consistent *oeuvre*." Whatever judgment posterity will finally pass on Auden's art, it will not gainsay the inviolable consistency of his *oeuvre*, that is, the pity and love he had always for each woman and each man.

LE JOUR FRANCAIS



THE SCREEN

The English-language title for Francois Truffaut's new film is *Day for Night*, and whoever wrote it pretty well got the point. But the French title, *la nuit Américaine*, is still better. *La nuit Américaine*, American night, is a technical term used in filmmaking when a night scene must be shot during the day. (Dense blue filters are placed over the camera lens to darken the scene and make sunlight read as moonlight on color-film stock.) Truffaut's film is about a director named Ferrand, played by Truffaut himself, who is making a film on an outdoor set near Cannes. Before Truffaut's film is over, of course, Ferrand has had to resort to *la nuit Américaine* to complete his own shooting schedule.

At the beginning of *Day for Night* we see the climactic scene from Ferrand's film being staged. A young man played by an actor called Alphonse (Jean-Pierre Léaud) emerges from a Metro station and slaps another actor, Alexandre, who plays Alphonse's father. The reason is that the father has had a love affair with the son's wife;

A spiritual autobiography by the author of THE SECULAR CITY



HARVEY COX

"Not a dull page in the book.

Historians of the future who will want to know what theologians were doing during the mid-20th century and later will surely turn to Professor Cox for information."

—The New York Times Book Review

"The best book to read to discover the new theology in the making."

—Chicago Sun Times

"Few autobiographers live richly enough or see well enough to offer promising theology. *The Seduction of the Spirit* is theology fused with autobiography. But it is written by Harvey Cox. **Therefore readers can... enjoy a promise fulfilled.**"

—Martin E. Marty,
University of Chicago

THE SEDUCTION OF THE SPIRIT

The Use and Misuse of
People's Religion

Just published • \$8.95 • Simon and Schuster



and as Truffaut develops his film, this plot line in Ferrand's film becomes apparent to us. By the time Ferrand reaches the final phases of production, however, he must do a re-make of that climactic scene. Now a look-a-like stands in for Alexandre, summer is converted to a snowy winter with fire-fighting foam, and day is played for night, *la nuit Américaine*.

Between the original scene and its re-make, day is exchanged for night in Truffaut's film many times in many ways. Julie Baker (Jacqueline Bisset), the female lead, is a source of much concern to Ferrand. Because she has had a breakdown and married her doctor, she is considered a bad risk. But she turns out to be the most stable member of the cast, the one who holds all the others together. Moreover, because she does so, her role in Truffaut's film is a peculiar sort of day-for-night reflection of her role in Ferrand's film. In the latter she is seduced away from her husband, Alphonse, by his father. In the former it is the husband who is the older man, and Alphonse does the seducing, which she allows purely out of compassion for his naive and love-forsaken state. Similar inversions occur in other areas of the plot. For instance, Alexandre, the actor who plays the father, is really the romantic lead in Ferrand's film, but in Truffaut's he turns out to be a homosexual.

As opposed to Ferrand's film, which is a tragedy, Truffaut's is a comedy, and he playfully saturates his directing with this theme of inversion. When a trained cat balks at lapping milk as it is supposed to in one of Ferrand's scenes, the studio's alley cat is desperately auditioned and performs without a hitch. When a script girl runs off with a stunt man, Ferrand's movie-mad assistant comments in amazement, "I can see leaving a guy for a film, but never a film for a guy." Like a vase that Ferrand swipes from his hotel, a car that belongs to a member of the crew seems better suited to a scene than the one provided by the property department. And when we see the rushes from the wrecking of that car in a stunt, they are being run backwards on an editing machine.

At a press conference at the New York Film Festival, Truffaut said that one of his purposes in making *Day for Night* was to depict the daily reality of making films, just as Hawks always showed his mechanics actually fixing cars and his pilots flying planes. If this is so, then the aspect of making films that Truffaut must feel dominates all others is the acting. We might think that staging a stunt sequence requires the most patience and care, but this is just one more area in which Truffaut turns our suppositions upside down. While the car wreck in Ferrand's film is done perfectly in one take, a simple scene where Alphonse's mother argues with his father must be done a half-dozen times.

In Truffaut's view actors and actresses have a topsy-turvy perspective anyway, as he suggests with, appropriately enough, an anecdote told by Severine (Valentina

Cortese), the actress playing the mother in Ferrand's film. At a farewell dinner after her shooting schedule is completed, she relates how a friend of hers was botching up *Hamlet* one night. Finally he got to the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," and the audience began to howl. "Why do you blame me," he protested, "I didn't write this crap."

On first viewing, *Day for Night* is so fast-paced and pleasant that it may seem a rather lightweight film. But Truffaut's theme of inversions, of surprised expectations and revaluation, is at the very heart of his recent development as a filmmaker. Four years ago Truffaut began in an almost programmatic fashion to review his career. In making *The Wild Child* he re-made his own first film, *The 400 Blows*, except that this time he was more sympathetic to the adult than the child. In light of *The Wild Child*, *The 400 Blows* looks a somewhat deceiving film, a film that plays day for night, as in Ferrand's melodramatic last scene. In *Two English Girls* Truffaut again reversed the premise of an earlier film, *Jules et Jim*. Now *Day for Night* fulfills the pattern. Since Truffaut has been thinking so intensely about his own early films the last few years—has been, in effect, remembering the experience of making films—what could be a more natural next step than to do a film about filmmaking itself?

Of *Day for Night* Truffaut says, "I am playing what I have written and what I have personally experienced. I am being myself both behind and in front of the camera." The result is rather a richer commentary on the relationship of Truffaut's life to his art than is at first apparent. Like the car, the vase and the alley cat in Ferrand's film, the filmmakers' very lives are commandeered by their art—and vice versa. (If Jean-Pierre Léaud is here seen as an actor who is immature, insouciant, even selfish and cruel at times, is it not because Léaud the man is in some ways the creation of the character Antoine Doinel whom he has played for almost fifteen years?) Art that has such unity and wholeness as Truffaut's now does, results from a kind of inspired monomania which touches only the greatest artists. Under this influence the artist himself seems to live in a thematic way, as Yeats did, and his work reflects that theme even in the most minute detail. Only then do life and art begin to interchange as they do in Truffaut's film.

The metaphor for moviemaking which finally emerges from *Day for Night* is not a mirror, but a window. The crucial relationship in Ferrand's film is that between Julie and her father-in-law; and in all three of the scenes that we watched Ferrand direct between them, the camera frames the action by shooting through a window. Through these windows where Ferrand sees the scenario for his film taking shape, Truffaut sees the reality of his life doing the same thing.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

WILLIE & BARBARA & BARBARA & WILLIE

NORA L. MAGID

The Last of the Southern Girls

WILLIE MORRIS

Knopf, \$6.95

Laughing All the Way

BARBARA HOWAR

Stein and Day, \$7.95

Like everyone else, I seem to have conceived of the idea of considering Willie Morris and Barbara Howar together. His first novel was rumored to be a fictionalized version of her court memoir as Johnson satellite and reject; but where normally my taste for gossip Washington books is large, Watergate has cast its pall. Besides, the books have run together in my head.

The anticipated comparative study has floundered, but for those who may wish to give their winter over to reading the one against the other, I offer the following. The point is not just that Willie Morris has translated the incident and softened it, but that he has done so to no purpose. In the case of Barbara Howar, the passage serves to characterize Lyndon Johnson at home and to indicate something about her relationship to him and to her husband as well.

"It did not," she writes, "take me long to see that Johnson was devoted to the telephone; he kept one handy in unlikely places. There was one beneath the dining table in the family quarters, and it was not uncommon for him to bring someone's name into the conversation, reach under the table and either growl or purr for the White House telephone operators to get that person on the line. At dinner one evening, he turned and asked what my husband thought of my being away from home so much: 'He's either mighty nice or mighty henpecked.' Not certain which answer he would believe, I just smiled

and nodded. Johnson picked up the phone and asked to be connected with Ed Howar who was waiting at home in something less than a cordial mood about my not being there too. I was horrified Ed might think the call a practical joke and cut the conversation short with an expletive, but Johnson and Lady Bird chatted amiably with my absent partner until the President abruptly ended the exchange by thanking Ed for 'giving me your wife,' confirming, I fear, Ed Howar's worst suspicions of my White House visits."

In Willie Morris, this becomes: "What does your little boy do when you're over here for dinner?" he asked one night at the table.

"Well, sir, he just watches television."

"I'll get that boy on the phone." He reached for the large white console telephone at his feet. "What's the boy's name?"

"Templeton Hollywell. Sometimes I call him The Temps."

"Hello, is this the Temps? Did they tell you who I am? Well, young man, your mother's sitting over here in our house right now advising us on this election and I want you to know how much we appreciate you letting us have her. Be sure and watch the press conference on television tonight, boy. Someday you might be sitting in my chair and I think . . ."

Willie Morris' heroine, Carol Hollywell, is a southern belle. At school, she is the "Most Beautiful, Most Popular and Best Dressed, only barely missing the coveted Most Versatile, which she would get the following year." Once in Washington, in emulation of the splendid Scarlett, whom she adores and envies, she hopes that all the men on the Hill will soon beseech her to be allowed to fetch her barbecue. They do. Attracted by her irreverent wit, they pay court. As tokens of the wit, she says to everyone, "I've had two

rivers in my life, the Mississippi and the Potomac. I'm fast, murky, and polluted;" and she says to an FCC commissioner, "You've done so much to improve TV. When are you going to improve TV dinners?"

Her liaisons include one with a White House assistant, "taut and solid, wary in the edges of the eyes, feline in his movements. He was in his middle forties but he looked younger, with a deceptive boyish innocence peculiar to American males from the empty spaces." Then there is a congressman, and what kept "him from being straightforwardly handsome in the simple American grain was a distinct crack in the noseline, that and his curiously assessing eyes." Carol, who has never been so lovely (a typical ladies magazine locution—and the novel, rendered spongier, has run in *The Journal*) is at the height of her looks and of her power. Much is said about the exercise of influence at the federal level, but her share seems to have nothing to do with much but the indulgence of her tongue and of her temper. A torrent of elegantly discursive expository material addressed directly to the reader on privacy, calumny, and power, is window dressing. Carol is a capricious jackass.

Clichés abound. The southern deb, the brittle New York prodigy who understands the "trap in being golden." Stereotypes alternate with freaks who turn up in one-liners for no reason—the female jp with one leg, the Negro activist with a hairlip from south Philadelphia. Then there are the statistics. Mr. Morris likes to count the people at parties—"two Senators, two White House assistants, four national columnists, and a drunk émigré poet from Poland."

Of the two books, Mrs. Howar's is the more memorable. "I am not," she says "of the right sex to wield great

**NEW AND NOTABLE
from
MOREHOUSE-BARLOW**

*The thrilling sequel to
Gathered for Power . . .*

THEY LEFT THEIR NETS

W. Graham Pulkingham

In his best-selling book, *Gathered for Power*, Graham Pulkingham—Rector, Church of the Redeemer, Houston, Texas—movingly described his experience of the “Baptism of the Holy Spirit.” He wrote of the dramatic transformation of his church, from a dying innercity parish into a charismatic Christian community.

THEY LEFT THEIR NETS continues Graham Pulkingham’s exciting story, as he tells *how* the parish of the Church of the Redeemer and the charismatic community gradually became one. With fascinating detail, Father Pulkingham traces the phenomenal growth of this movement, this extraordinary parish-wide renewal which has become a symbol of hope and vitality to Christian churches everywhere.

THEY LEFT THEIR NETS (paperbound),
\$2.75 postpaid

GATHERED FOR POWER (paperbound),
\$2.75 postpaid

*The Society of the
Compassionate Friends . . .*

DEATH COMES HOME

The Rev. Simon Stephens

Bereaved parents *want* to talk of the child they have lost, they *need* someone to listen to them. It is this need which has led Father Stephens to found *The Society of the Compassionate Friends*. Its members are bereaved parents who have worked through their own grief and now want to help others.

A valid ministry to the bereaved, Father Stephens believes, is a necessity. Those who read *DEATH COMES HOME*—a sensitively told story of how one family coped with the accidental death of a young son—should be prompted to analyze the quality of their own ministry to the bereaved.

(paperbound) \$2.75 postpaid

Foreword by

Dr. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross

Please send check with order to
MOREHOUSE-BARLOW
14 East 41st Street
New York 10017

political influence, but my gender has permitted me to consort with those who do. I have an eye for nonsense and hypocrisy and the sheer physical stamina to endure total exposure to Washington.” Media-created, she was unloaded by the Johnsons when scandal touched her—“recycled for oblivion. I was a dandy guinea pig to perfect the technique later known as ‘the Johnson treatment.’ ”

For conquering Washington, her qualifications were slim—“a vague but cosmetically encouraged resemblance to Grace Kelly and six years of elocution lessons at Miss Bootsie MacDonald’s School of Tap and Toe.” But make it on her own terms she did—as lady-in-waiting to the White House, as columnist for the *Washington Post*, as television commentator. Mostly, the book is gossip: what energy it takes to keep

FOOTNOTES

The glory—and perhaps the let-down—of *The Best of Life* (Time-Life, \$19.95) is that the photographers-artists-journalists have done their job so well. These scenes are already so deep in our collective consciousness, so much the substance of the popular vision of contemporary history, that their power is now simply to reinforce—rather than help us discover—who we are.

A Frenchman weeps as Nazis take Marseilles. Tears stream down Graham Jackson’s black face as he plays “Goin Home” and FDR’s body is carried to the train at Warm Springs. A marine compassionately clutches his wounded comrade stretched out across the top of a tank returning from Hue. Picasso. Pin-ups. Protestors. A wet monkey.

Life pictures were often more exciting than the TV that helped kill it. We brought ourselves to *Life*, pleading with it to fill the gaps in our dull lives—let us trek dunes with desert tribesmen, pray with Pius XII in his private chapel, drink with Winston Churchill. We don’t bring ourselves to TV; we just sit there and let it flicker at us.

The two books which I have seen have the profoundest impact on college students are Ralph Ellison’s *Invisible Man* and Richard Wright’s *Native Son*. Wright’s book, for all its nihilism, is a work of art and a cry of pain worth rereading every couple

of years—at least until we get a proper sense of what it means for a man to be cornered like a trembling rat and for an artist—a black genius—to live and die unfulfilled.

That is why I hope Michel Fabre’s *The Unfinished Quest of Richard Wright* (William Morrow, \$15) will be widely read and appreciated. Considering Wright’s portrait of Bigger Thomas in the novel, it is startling to see the pictures of him playing Bigger himself in the French film version of his masterpiece.

* * *

Augsburg-Paulist, with the publication of its major ecumenical cooperative research project, *Peter in the New Testament*, edited by Raymond Brown, Karl P. Donfried and John Reumann, has a novel (but inimitable) way of keeping the price down to \$1.95: the authors have passed up their royalties. Under Brown’s leadership, the eleven scholars agreed that they wanted to reach college students, parish priests and ministers and that making the book available was more important than the little money they might get for their work.

* * *

Commonweal critics have been writing books. Saul Maloff’s admirers have waited anxiously for and have been elated by the enthusiastic reviews of his second novel, *Heartland* (Scribner’s, \$6.95). Bruce Cook’s *Listen to the Blues* (Scribner’s, \$8.95)

in Ethel's good graces and to qualify for her hi kid greeting; more about Jackie's hair—leg hair this time; how the Johnsons were stingy, obstinate and possessive, Lynda "full of herself," and Luci "a threatened jealous little girl"; how Mrs. Johnson peddled her expensively commissioned book in a flurry of commercialism. Joyce Susskind who prior to her marriage was a successful television personality in

ends with a warning to university people (like me!) who teach courses in American Character: "If you want to find out what America is. . . ."

Robert Phillips' *The Confessional Poets* (Southern Illinois University Press, \$6.95) includes essays on Robert Lowell, W. D. Snodgrass, Anne Sexton, John Berryman, Theodore Roethke and Sylvia Plath. And Jeffrey Meyers, in *Fiction and the Colonial Experience* (Rowman and Littlefield, \$10), discusses Kipling, Forster, Conrad, Cary and Greene.

Meanwhile, *The Complete Ecology Fact Book* (Doubleday, \$10; Anchor, \$3.95), edited by John Deedy and Philip Nobile, is selling very well (15,000). CEFB is just that: a 457-page compendium of population charts, maps, tables, valuable bibliographies and—facts. For example: the Philippine four-colored flowerpecker of Cebu (*Dicaeum quadricolor*) became extinct in 1906; the wild yak (*Bos grunniens mutus*) of Tibet (above 4500 meters) is just about hanging on. Dedicated to Daniel and Philip Berrigan, "Ecologists of a different sort," CEFB introduces itself with a line from T. S. Eliot: "The land is foul, the water is foul . . . I wander in a land of barren boughs."

* * *

Questions for publishers: Whatever happened to Emmet John Hughes' biography of John Courtney Murray? When will we have a good history of Catholic higher education? And of the "labor priests" of the 1940s?

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

No myths. No piety. Just the real Jesus.

With impressive control of Biblical and historical facts, eminent New Testament scholar Bruce Vawter breaks through centuries-old myths and pieties about Jesus and his teaching — which in many cases have distorted our concept of Christ — to reveal the *real* Jesus. He even goes beyond the accounts of the evangelists and early Christian teachings to provide a fresh new interpretation of Jesus that reveals the authentic Christ, in contrast to "a Jesus who never was, the Christ of faith mythicized by historicism."

THIS MAN JESUS

An Essay Toward a New Testament Christology
by Bruce Vawter

TIME AND MYTH

by John S. Dunne. A meditation on storytelling as an exploration of life and death, growing out of the Yale University Thomas More lectures for 1971. John Dunne's earlier books have been acclaimed "works of genius," and he has been hailed as the only possible theological successor to Paul Tillich.

THE CONSPIRACY OF GOD The Holy Spirit in Men

by John C. Haughey. Reflections on the work of the Spirit in today's world. "It is the best book in English on the Holy Spirit I have read in recent years." — Cardinal Suenens.

SELECTED AND NEW POEMS

by Daniel Berrigan. "The radical Jesuit poet in full spectrum . . . [whose] passionate humanity . . . carries into the 30 new poems that fittingly close the volume." — *Publishers Weekly*.

A MAN FOR NOW

by John Beevers. The life of Damien the Leper, who is seen as a Christian model for our times.

PARENTING

The Principles and Politics of Parenthood

by Sidney Cornelia Callahan. A book for responsible parents who care about the future of their children, showing how to raise a child well so that he will want to leave home as a strong and mature adult.

DOUBLEDAY

Now in Paperback

THOMAS MERTON

The Sign of Jonas

Reissued once again in paperback, this is Merton's account of five years of day-to-day experiences and meditations as a Trappist monk.

An Image Book, \$1.95

DOUBLEDAY

Classified

RATES: 50c a word, one time; 48c, three times; 45c, seven times; 42c, thirteen times. Twelve words minimum. For box numbers add 50c per insertion. Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Printing

● PRINT YOUR BOOK from typed manuscript, camera-ready. Economical. BIOGRAPHY PRESS, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336.

Alaska

● ESKIMO HANDCRAFTS: Baskets, Ivory Carvings, Masks, Tools. TOKSOOK BAY ARTS & CRAFTS COOPERATIVE, Toksook Bay, Alaska 99637.

Madras

● A SALESIAN FATHER, director of a social welfare center which ministers to the destitute of Madras, is in urgent need of funds for his poor lepers and to complete a half-finished community center. Send donations to: FR. M.A. AUGUSTINE, S.D.B., S.J. Kathivakkam Social Welfare Centre, Ennore-Madras 600057, South India. (Airmail 21c)

Vacations

● TIRED of high vacation costs? Live rent free where you choose. Write VIKING HOME EXCHANGE, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

For the Fall Term

● CLASSROOM ORDERS: 10 or more copies for any number of weeks to a single name and address, 20c a copy. Free copy added for instructor or distributor on request. Individual student subscriptions: one year, \$8; eight months, \$6; six months, \$4. Circulation Department, COMMONWEAL.

PEACE CORPS & VISTA NEED YOU! Volunteer your skills & experience in developing nations overseas and U.S. Join the universal struggle for human dignity—through education, skilled trades, agriculture, engineering, business, urban planning, medicine & other fields of community development. One or two years. Expenses paid—medical, travel, vacation, living. Information: Bruce Mazzie, ACTION, OCP Box P-5, Washington, D.C. 20525.

Canada is dismissed as bovine, prim and boring, and Lord Snowdon as someone who dyes his hair and wears makeup. Henry Kissinger understands the legend business and has deliberately courted speculation about his private life.

Yet sections of the book are interesting and astringent—on the smug self-righteousness of intellectuals, on the role of government wives, on the difficulties of survival in this society, on what comprises American identity.

After genuine tragedy and travail, Barbara Howar went abroad. "I learned about myself in those weeks. I was deeply and irrevocably North American—southern above all else. I needed the tackiness of American life—cheeseburgers, television, Miss America, Doris Day, all the honkytonk clutter of things familiar. I could never be the expatriate. I came home to Washington, the only place where I belonged."

Characteristically, having said that, she left it again.

Ninety-Two in the Shade

THOMAS McGUANE

Farrar, Straus, \$6.95

STEVEN KROLL

It is winter in Tom McGuane's Key West. It is still hot. The atmosphere is swollen, stupefied. A torpor hangs over everything. The smell is "the special lizard stench of churches or catacombs; narcosis dying as slowly as the life that would replace it." Within the torpor there is a barely concealed touch of danger, a hint of always impending violence. And when the violence surfaces, it appears suddenly, swiftly, and is gone again. There's hardly time to realize what has happened—and why that body lies before you.

Malcolm Lowry understood this relationship of violence to exhaustion. Paul Bowles knows it still. In *Ninety-Two in the Shade* Tom McGuane has laid it out so well that he can join their company. Despite occasional lapses into obscurity and blurred language, atmosphere defines this novel—and makes it live. But, of course, there is also Tom Skelton, the latest in a line of determined McGuane madmen.

Tom McGuane's two earlier novels have had to bear comparison with everyone under the sun. Not all of this frantic critical gesturing was unjustified. With its hard-edged prose, its obsessions with death, guns, the outdoor life, and proving yourself, *The Sporting Club* (1969) did bear some resemblance to early Hemingway. Its wild, impulsive humor and persistent under-

current of cynicism did raise thoughts of Pynchon and Celine and even Belloc. The lighter, still more deadpan tone of *The Bushwacked Piano* (1971) did come close to Vonnegut and Terry Southern. But whatever the critical comparisons, the principal character in each was essentially the same.

In *The Sporting Club* Vernor Stanton—rich, educated, expansive, impetuous—struggles with his boredom, with his "distinguished" heritage and a woman who will not marry him and his madness and the madness of the demoralizing American scene. In *The Bushwacked Piano* Nicholas Payne—rich, educated, expansive, impetuous—struggles with the identical problems. Stanton plays his astounding pranks and must destroy the contemptible Centennial Club to prove himself. Payne careens around the country, trying to avoid "the awful shadow of the Waring Blender." But those are differences in solution, not personality.

Tom Skelton is a worthy descendant of Stanton and Payne. He is not rich or from Michigan, but he is educated without knowing why and impetuous when he wants to be. He has struggled with the boredom of the drug culture, worried about madness and the curious heritage of a father who has spent the last seven months in bed and a grandfather who seems to have cheated al-

Special Subscription offer —

17 Issues for \$3

[For New Subscribers Only]

COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send the next 17 issues to:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

☐ I prefer a full year subscription at \$14.

10-26-73

And there are some of the familiar McGuane delights as well. The cool wit. The real knowledge of ocean fishing. The cameo roles precisely, hilariously, filled in. The wildly unexpected, comic

moments. (Imagine skinny grandfather and his stout mistress naked on a trampoline.) Come to think of it, Tom McGuane may be a bit crazy himself —crazy like a fox.

Spirit of Time and Place

HORACE GREGORY

Norton, \$8.95

ROBERT PHILLIPS

"If you would save me, / Save these lines, these letters, / Postcards, glazed views of Naples, Nice and Rome. / They are my life, hopes for a further journey," the narrator of one of Horace Gregory's later poems states. Gregory himself keeps sending his letters to the world; the present book is his thirty-second. Until now his bids for remembrance beyond our lifetime, his own "hopes for a further journey," are his highly readable translation of Ovid's *The Metamorphoses*, his own *Collected Poems* (which won the Bollingen Prize), and his *History of American Poetry, 1900-1940* (written with Marya Zaturenska). Now to the list of Gregory's "major" achievements must be added his 33 collected essays, *Spirit of Time and Place*. It may constitute his most lasting work.

The essays reveal Gregory to be quite unconcerned with literary fashion, and dedicated to a search for the fresh, the authentic, and the lively. Indeed, he much prefers an ill-formed work containing these qualities to a tidy masterpiece which reeks of dullness. Five of the pieces are devoted to artists Gregory boldly categorizes as "divine amateurs": Browning, George Moore, Wyndham Lewis, Samuel Beckett, and Francis Kilvert. The critical manifesto which would admit a Moore or a Lewis to Gregory's pantheon is plainly set forth in the preface, in which Gregory uses as central figure the shield of Achilles, the surface of which reflects and reveals the entire universe. This shield and its creation provides Gregory with "an analogy to and a criterion for" the writing of poetry, and for poetic responsibility. Art should be

universal and not merely particular; "not a weapon but, if finely tempered and accurate, it can resemble in the seriousness of its purpose a work of art." Against this standard Gregory finds Dylan Thomas' work, for instance, brilliant but wanting, the poems creating "feelings of claustrophobia, whereas the particulars of Yeats and Donne open outward into a greater universe."

Gregory also believes the critic "should attempt to establish a parity between whatever he thinks is good and the very manner in which he voices his opinion." Fortunately, he practices as well as he preaches, and nowhere does he slide into the critical clichés of our day. While his text contains some few references to Jung (Samuel Johnson's "integration of personality"), to Freud (Pope is said to have anticipated his psychological insights), and to Joseph Campbell (mythological realities in Dylan Thomas), Gregory writes quite outside what he himself calls, in the Robinson Jeffers essay, "the thin, tightly stretched surface of academic temper in the United States." Further, there are few footnotes. What few there are are of an elaborate rather than a pedantic nature. Gregory's remarks on Pope would apply to himself as well: "What scholarship he possessed remained untouched by the vice of pedantry, and fortunately his gifts were free of recurrent premonitions of sterility which so often attend the fears of those who write within the uncharmed circles of academic life."

A second canon in Gregory's manifesto is that the critic should "encourage rediscoveries in reading" by being neither intimidated by the past or

fearful of new ideas. It is here that Gregory performs a real service. His persuasive essays make the reader eager to turn to unread or dismissed works, such as the short stories of Vernon Lee and De La Mare, or the poetry of Edwin Muir and Isaac Rosenberg.

His last critical dictum is that a critic "should have the courage of his own—not other men's—convictions." Here too Gregory excels. He quotes very few other critics, and when he does (as in his Yeats essay, quoting two especially foolish ones), he charitably omits their names. He has no axes to grind, finding self-realization through reading more important than self-advertisement through writing. Sometimes Gregory's opinions are sufficiently startling that he must indeed possess such courage of conviction: he claims George Moore's stories, with the exception of two, superior to James Joyce's; he declares *The Waves* to be Virginia Woolf's best book; Browning had greater scope for historical imagination than Walter Scott; Edith Sitwell and De La Mare can be compared with Yeats for great poetic accomplishment; Landor's epics are not praiseworthy, but a handful of his casual lyrics and elegies are; and Samuel Beckett's bleak work is actually affirmative, because "two negatives can produce a positive."

These and many other opinions run counter to prevailing belief, but Gregory is cheerful about the necessity for differences: "There are times when one might almost say that the life of a poem depends upon the varieties of misconceptions taking place around it." Two of his radical opinions are particularly arresting. The first is that De La Mare's sweet poetry and children's books fall under the shadow of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, being full of guilt and the will to power. The second occurs when Gregory claims, in a pioneering 1944 essay, that John Clare's insanity was self-willed, an act of self-defense, with the madhouse becoming his ivory tower and refuge: "From this time onward, he knew what his poetic intentions were, and I believe that his subsequent insanity was, in a measure, a means of protesting his

right to continue his career as a poet." (By extension the essay has much to say about today's generation of confessional poets, labeled by at least one critic as "The Madhouse Poets.")

Gregory's essays are largely of a positive and constructive nature, and taken together they are a joy to read, especially when he is dealing with a single literary figure rather than general groups of ideas. He is best when tracing the quality of wit which is revealed in a poet's poem, and its centrality to the character of the author's imagination; when he is testing the authority of a poet's vision; or the presence of magic in a poem. The reader is especially directed to his essay on Dr. Johnson's "view," in which Gregory assesses how far it extended, its degree of clarity or becloudedness, and whether or not it is world-embracing; his essay on Pope; on Yeats' masks; and on "The Dying Gladiators of Samuel Beckett." These essays are themselves art of the order which Horace Gregory admires—fresh, intel-

ligent, charming, and of an enduring vitality.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 75)

made throughout the nation that, under the Fairness Doctrine, or certainly by any ethical standard, CBS now owes to the United States a deep responsibility to air a program of equal time speaking to the rights of the unborn as, at their expense, they have already aired a lengthy public-interest program against those very rights.

I do hope you will clear this up. We have no problem with that side being shown. All we ask is equal time for our side. In the event equal time is not given, then we do have a problem with a biased, one-sided program and therein lies our protest.

J. C. WILKE, M.D.

Member of Board,

National Right to Life Comm.

Can a universal faith be created?

The leaders of all the world's religions meet at a small Iowa college to answer this question, in a dramatic and inspiring new novel.

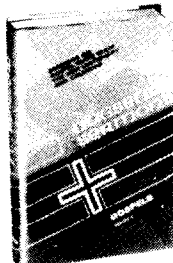
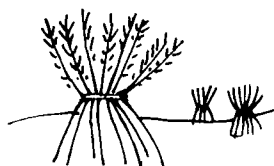
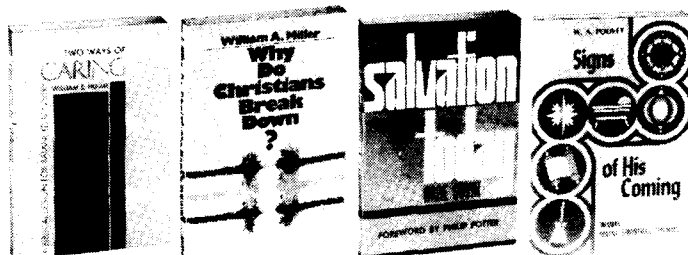
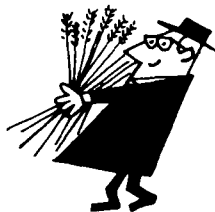
The Fourteenth Point
by John Ball

Little, Brown

\$7.95 at all bookstores

Commonweal: 95

New Crop of Ideas from AUGSBURG'S FALL BOOKS



TWO WAYS OF CARING

William Hulme points to a biblical design for a ministry balanced between social concerns and personal care. **\$2.95**

WHY DO CHRISTIANS BREAK DOWN?

Tensions, bottled up anger, misguided faith, unreal standards. William Miller points to help through psychology and faith. **\$2.95**

SALVATION TODAY

Arne Sovik's presentation of viewpoints of salvation as debated by world churchmen at the controversial Bangkok conference. **\$2.95**

SIGNS OF HIS COMING

W. A. Poovey's book of six dramas and meditations for Advent, Christmas and Epiphany. **\$2.95**

Dramas only, **\$1.00**; **\$11** per doz.

PEER PROGRAM FOR YOUTH

Ardyth Hebeisen details a planned retreat and ten follow-up talk sessions to develop self-esteem, self-understanding and communication skills. Part of a 3-yr. study by Youth Research Center, Merton Strommen, director. **\$3.50**

HUMAN MEDICINE

Christian viewpoints by James B. Nelson on new medical issues: abortion, transplants, artificial insemination, euthanasia, genetics. **\$3.95**

AUGSBURG SERMONS-GOSPELS

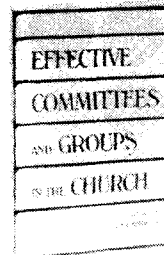
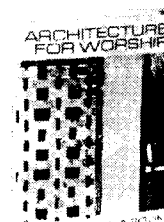
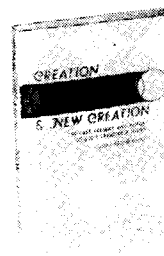
Sixty stimulating sermons by prominent pastors on the new series of gospel texts for the Christian year. **\$7.95** cloth

REVELATION: God and Satan in the Apocalypse

James Kallas offers a key to understanding the comfort, hope, suffering and final victory revealed in the book of Revelation. **\$2.75**

CREATION AND NEW CREATION

A scriptural study of the past, present and future of God's creative activity by John Reumann. **\$3.95**



WOMEN OF THE REFORMATION

Roland Bainton's profiles of courage pay tribute to French and English women who influenced the course of the Reformation. **\$8.95** cloth

ARCHITECTURE FOR WORSHIP

A guide for new church buildings and remodeling by Edward Sovik, a leading church architect. Includes plans, photos, drawings. **\$3.50**

EFFECTIVE COMMITTEES AND GROUPS IN THE CHURCH

"How to's" of constructive small group communication by Ernest and Nancy Bormann. **\$2.95**

Recent Reprints—

FAITH ACTIVE IN LOVE

George Forell. **\$2.95**

PROPHECY INTERPRETED

John Milton. **\$2.95**



Augsburg
BOOKS

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55415